

To Be the Last

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Summary: A Halo/Mass Effect crossover, though not a typical one. This is the story of the last Forerunner, sent to a different galaxy entirely. How will he handle himself in this new galaxy where everything is different. Adopted from drich147. I corrected a mistake in chapter 3 regarding how long he has been there. I do not own Mass Effect or Halo.

1. Chapter 1

I got permission to adopt this story from it's original author drich147, so don't assume I stole it.

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Manipular: ****Manipular**** was the Forerunner title given to adolescent citizens. These young members of society typically followed their families' lineage going into their particular rate. As Manipulars had not yet made the mutation to a first-form, they were identified as "Form Zero" in their names.

Rate: The Forerunner society was divided in five social classes, known as ****rates****. Each rate specialized in a particular field of work, and had varying function in society and cultural importance.

Mutation: ****Mutation**** was a Forerunner term referring to customized biological maturation to new forms or rates. The process was typically performed between two to five times over the course of a lifetime.

In society, a Forerunner's mutation determined the individual's place within their family, Manipular, or guild and was always patterned after the individual's mentor, typically but not always the parent.

****Brevet mutation**** was a term used to refer to the undertaking of risky, ad hoc mutations that carried higher risk of complication.

Slipstream: Forerunner term for slipspace.

Strato-sentinel: A variant of existing sentinels, these are designed mainly for mining and helping out in construction.

Design Seed: ****Design seeds****, also known as ****"ship-seeds"**** were pieces of technology used by Forerunner Builders to encode data that would be used to quickly assemble a machine at the appropriate time. A design seed was comprised of software which contained the schematics for the machine, as well as machinery, which would obtain construction materials on-site and turn them into several main components; a large octagonal platform surrounded by eight curved pillars, each rising a thousand meters from the ground. The machinery worked remarkably quickly; the mountain at the center of Djamonkin Crater was dismantled and reshaped into the core components within a single night.

When the machine was activated, these pillars would begin to rotate around the central platform. As they spun, they projected Hard light components, which used raw materials obtained on-site and reconstituted them into the alloys and components needed to build a ship or other machine. The construction process was extraordinarily rapid; the Didact's ship was approximately one kilometer long, and yet the entire vessel was materialized within a matter of minutes.

Domain: A vast Forerunner information sharing network. It contained the entirety of the knowledge that the Forerunners ever possessed

Disclaimer: I do not own Mass Effect, nor do I own Halo, this story was created for entertainment purposes only, and I am making no money from this.

((H,ME))

For most beings in the universe, 100,000 years was a very long time.

For him, 100,000 years was far too long.

His name was Bornstellar Makes Eternal Lasting.

He had gone through many things in his life time. Things that he never would have expected or had ever thought about.

He, in his search for Precursor artifacts, met the Didact, after freeing him from the suspended animation that he had laid in for 1000 years.

He had fought the flood, fought to destroy the monstrous all-consuming parasite that threatened his species.

He had killed the last of the precursors, trapping it in a reverse timelock, aging it millions of years within seconds.

He, with no options left, activated the installation array, killing all life forms in the galaxy, simultaneously causing the event that had sent him to a far different galaxy entirely.

He remembered those events well.

He remembered activating the Installation Array from the Ark, he remembered waiting, even as each installation charged and fired the oh-so terrible weapons mounted on each one. He remembered waiting, waiting for the pulse that would kill all life to spread throughout the galaxy. He had waited, even as the very last Forerunner had died. He remembered traveling to his flagship, all that remained of the once mighty Forerunner military, which had remained behind to give him the chance to fire these weapons.

The only reason he was capable of piloting the ship was because of a device made right near the end of the war, far too late to make any real change in the outcome in the war. The device, though it didn't have an official name, simply connected him to the ship, allowing the connected to act in a manner similar to that of an AI, which could be corrupted and turned against them by the flood. A precaution, as AI that was turned against them could be quite lethal.

He remembered reactivating the portal, preparing to travel through it and wanting to make sure that the Array had completely worked. He had wanted to make sure the automated reseeding process was going underway. To make sure that he had succeeded.

And then, right after entering the portal, the after effects of of the Arrays firing made itself known.

He never would have expected it. He didn't know that the firing the array would produce an anomaly in the slipstream. An anomaly that interfered with the slipstream.

And because of that anomaly, the slipstream portal had changed utterly.

Normally, a portal consisted of an incredibly large amount of slipstream fields spinning around each other while simultaneously compressing, forming a spatial phenomena similar to that of a wormhole, allowing more or less instantaneous travel between 2 points in space/time.

However, such a thing was only possible when the slipstream was calm and unmoving. When the array fired, the slipstream had been thrown in a temporary chaos, leaving any attempt at entering the slipstream dangerous at best, suicidal at worst.

With the chaos of the slipstream, it was almost impossible to establish a normal portal. So, when he attempted to travel through the portal, the location he was sent to was definitely nowhere near where he wanted to be. In fact, it wasn't even in the same galaxy as where he wanted to be.

He had been sent to a neighboring galaxy, completely un-prepared and unsure of what to do.

It was only through luck that his ship suffered no damage in the slipstream. Because his ship wasn't damaged, he had access to all the

resources and technologies on the ship, allowing him to survive and slowly build up a base inside the system. And that was only possible because of the fact that it was a keyship, larger than other normal keyships, and refitted with various different technologies that gave it a great versatility.

When he first arrived into this galaxy, he arrived in a solar system that had 3 gas giants, 2 of which had orbiting asteroid belts, and a 1 small planet, only 9000 kilometers in diameter. To him, there wasn't anything truly interesting in the system, but it did represent a considerable amount of resources that he could use.

And use it he did. Part of the upgrades that came with the ship included a sentinel production facility, and a refinement facility to process raw resources. It included many other things, like a Design seed facility (which he hadn't stored the resources to build), but at the moment, that was all he needed to use.

In minutes, hundreds of on board, specialized strato-sentinels left the ship, floating through space to the asteroids, preparing to break them down and tow them back to the ship, where the resources could be put to good use.

Strato-sentinels worked in groups of 4, the mighty beams on each one allowing them to simply slice off pieces of an asteroid, slowly cutting them down into smaller, more manageable, forms, even as the pieces were collected by each strato-sentinel. When the sentinels reached full capacity, they delivered it to the ship, where it was processed and used in the creation of more sentinels.

Quickly, resources piled up, even as entire asteroids vanished into the sentinels, and when the number of sentinels reached 1000, he simply stored the resources on his ship, all in preparation to construct a Design Seed. This particular design seed would create a super large platform on the surface of the moon, and once that was done, he would have an effective base from which he could operate.

Time had passed since then. And his base had grown whenever he needed it too.

100,000 years, and still, he was alive.

Forerunners could live for quite a long time, but the only reason he was still alive today was due to factors. The main factor being Nanotechnology. Nanotechnology was something the Forerunners didn't pay all that much attention too, in favor of other technologies, however, it saw a large amount of development during the war with the flood. As the flood relied on infecting bodies, nanotechnology was thought to be a possible cure to the flood, not by reversing it, but by stopping it from ever happening in the first place. Unfortunately, it didn't work out as well as intended, as while it certainly slowed down the infection, it could not stop it, and there was no known way to remove the infection once it took hold.

There had only ever been one cure for the flood, and that had long since been destroyed by its creators in a final act of revenge against the forerunners.

But still, nanotechnology had allowed him to survive all this time, in combination with a mutation he had forced on himself.

He had spent much of this time learning from the Domain, which had suddenly re-opened only a few years. He could only guess why that happened, Mendicant Bias had done a good job in exhausting the domain, and had continued exhausting it to prevent it from making a recovery, right up until it had been captured by Offensive Bias. That was the likely reason, without Mendicant to damage it, it would recover.

He didn't actively attempt to expand from this solar system, which he had found existed right on the edge of the galaxy, far away from the galactic core. He only ordered his fleet to expand once every few thousand years, only after completely gathering all the resources in every system did he expand his little empire to a new solar system. Occasionally, he would utilize a small fraction of the incredible amount of resources at his disposal, and create an artificial world, where he could practice his knowledge gained from the Domain.

He was thankful for the Domain, with it, he had access to everything that the Forerunners ever developed, created, designed and knew about. It proved very useful in many different ways, especially when he found the data relevant to sub-atomic particle manipulators (which, while it was used on his ship and the design seeds, he didn't have the relevant data to build the technology on its own), with that one piece of technology, each and every particle in a system became a part of the potential resources he could collect.

And then after 20,000 years, he found something interesting in a solar system he had recently expanded into.

An object of unknown make and purpose, hidden deep with an ice moon.

Bornstellar, intrigued by the find, immediately devoted a large amount of sentinels to remove the object from the moon, seeking to study it and learn of its purpose. He also ordered the sentinels to build a slipstream portal.

He wasted no effort in the study of the device, he studied the ice moon with several pieces of technology, mainly to see if there was anything different about the moon, and also to see the age of the moon, which might help in determining the object's age. The ice moon was 150,000 years old.

The object's design was rather strange. It resembled a gigantic dual pronged tuning-fork, with a set of gyroscopes at the center, surrounding an unknown element.

The object itself proved to be slightly enigmatic. The outside of it was made of a rather resilient, unknown material. The material was also encased some form of quantum shielding, locking the atoms in place at a sub-atomic level. That proved to be a setback in his study of the device, as he either had to find a way to remove the shielding, or bypass it. One way or the other, he was going to get past that shield.

He was Bornstellar. Makes Eternal Lasting. He was a Forerunner. He was the Didact! He fired the halo array! He wouldn't let something so

trivial as a quantum shield impede his study of the object. He was better than that.

After about 3 days of pondering, he decided to use a powerful laser with the object wrapped in a slipstream field. The slipstream field would allow the the laser to bypass the quantum field, simply because of the nature of the slipstream. The slipstream did not possess the same laws of physics as real space did, and thanks to the Forerunners near transcendent mastery of the slipstream, he could ensure that the atoms would become loose inside the field, allowing them to be moved again. It was simpler and would take far less time than setting up a reverse quantum field.

Had he done the same thing on anything that didn't have that quantum field, it would have instantly fallen apart, each atom completely unconnected in any way except for gravity, which was also subject to change in the slipstream.

To do this, he was going to drag the object back into a station that he had previously set up. The station, almost exactly the same as every other station he had constructed when he expanded to a new solar system, possessed all the appropriate technologies he required, and more.

It did not take long to get the object to the station, it was inside the solar system after all, and the station could be towed quite easily thanks to all the strato-sentinels around it.

As the object was settled into place, a large platform appeared. The platform, which was actually a specialized sentinel, attached itself to the object, even as slipstream fields began to warp around the object. The sentinel's 'eye' began to glow, and a thin laser erupted from it to the object, beginning to work away at the material of the hull.

The material, while it did prove to be strong, was eventually cut away by the continuous beam, which finally sliced through it after 10 seconds, allowing access to the inside of the object. The sentinel shut off its beam once it breached the hull, and lifted the piece off the hull and took it away for study. In its absence, another sentinel floated up, and began to let loose nanobots.

The inside of the hull was not nearly as resilient, and was made from some normal materials, because of that, the nanobots had no difficulty in going through the inside, simultaneously scanning the object and its makeup, documenting the design for study. As the nanobots slowly finished their work, another sentinel floated up, this time to the gyroscopes that contained the unknown element. The sentinel floated close, and began to extract a small amount of the material that laid in the core of the object. Its job completed, it hovered away to submit the material to the laboratories within the station.

Having attained all they need from the object at the moment, the sentinels floated away, and the slipstream fields vanished.

Now, it was time for study.

Some 3 weeks later, when he finished examining the object, he began to document everything he know about it.

The object proved interesting in a number of ways. The first, and most notable, was its age. The object was at least 2.15 million years old, infinitely older than anything the Forerunners knew about, baring perhaps the Precursors.

Second, was the material that had been extracted from the core of the device. The material was very interesting to him, mainly because of the makeup and properties of the material. At first, he couldn't make sense of the element, simply because of the radiation it emitted, that lasted until he decided to run an electric current through it, at which point, the purpose and properties of the material was revealed. When subjected to an electric current, the element released dark energy, which effected the mass in the local area. After a bit of experimentation, he found that a negative current decreased the mass in a local area, while a positive current increased it.

He was very interested in learning where this element came from, its study would prove very enlightening.

Third, the unknown material that was used as the hull for the object. The material, while quite resistant, was not really anything special. Scans revealed that it wasn't a natural material, and also show the markings of synthesized elements. Considering the material was used as armor, it was likely that the species that had created it was around 1.7 on the technological achievement scale, as species of higher achievement almost always had more resistant materials. That said, the material itself had probably only survived for this long because of the quantum field, which would easily stop any form of damage and decay, baring an impact of a large asteroid.

The fourth point of interest was the quantum field. That field would easily allow it too survive practically anything. It had a very high threshold, but he calculated that an object of significant mass would be able to destroy it, but only if it collided with it when it was moving at a fast speed. Due to the nature of the quantum field that surrounded the object, anything that didn't have enough mass wouldn't be able to destroy it. It would likely survive even a star going supernova.

The fifth point of interest was the purpose of the device. He hadn't managed to figure out what the device was for, nor why somebody would build such a thing. The easiest way to figure out what this device did was simply to activate it, which he was quite sure he could do. Of course, he had no intention of being in the same system as the object when it activated, he had no idea on what it would do. It could even explode, considering that he had taken a few parts away from it. Of course, he was going to put those back when he was prepared to activate it.

((H,ME)))

He had ordered the sentinel to replace the materials he had taken away from the object, and then too drag it back to where it had initially been located.

'Well, this is it. Time to activate this thing.'

Once the object was back in place, he turned his ship around, ordering the sentinels to open a slipspace portal through which he

could travel. When the portal opened, he wasted no time in going through it, straight into the next solar system, a distance of a mere 46 light years. From the other system, he ordered the sentinels to activate the object.

((H,ME))) In the system where the mass relay is.

Sentinels moved to and fro, beginning to leave the surrounding space of the object, one sentinel, however, remained and began to broadcast a signal that the Didact had determined would activate the object.

Slowly, the object activated. The dual prongs of the object beginning to turn in another direction, pointing at some far away star, even as the gyroscopes in the core of the device began to spin around the element that lied in the core. As the gyro scopes began to rotate faster and faster, the element began to glow brighter and brighter, leading a shining blue/purple light in the center, a glow that illuminated the rest of the device. Finally, it seemed to stabilize, the gyroscopes no longer speeding up, the element in the center remaining at the same light level.

A probe approached the object intending to scan the object now that it was completely activated. As the sentinel approached, the object began to start doing something that he couldn't figure out. Finally, the sentinel got close enough, and then the object sent out a stream of what appeared to be blue lightning, latching on too the ship, and then flinging it forward faster than the speed of light.

Bornstellar blinked, not expecting that at all. And then, the slipspace communication system mounted on the probe sent a signal that reached back to the star system where it was launched from.

The Didact was intrigued, according to the signals, the probe had been launched almost 500 light years almost instantly, to an exact replica of the object found in the previous system.

He sent a signal that ordered the probe to come back, also ordering it to focus its sensors on what was happening during the time when the object sent the probe to the other system.

In only a minute, the probe arrived again, completely undamaged in any way.

He ordered it to go back too the science facility, he wanted to know what the object had done.

((H,ME)))

2. Chapter 2

Yes, I copied and pasted his first two chapters. But from here on it's all me.

Disclaimer: I don't own Halo, I don't own Mass Effect, this story was made fore entertainment purposes only.

((H,ME)))

When the probe arrived inside the system again, he wasted no time in studying what it had recorded.

The data from the probe proved interesting.

The device, which he had later named 'transfer relay', utilized a series of emitters, as well as intense amounts of energy, to project an energy 'tunnel' of sorts.

Incredible amounts of energy was first directed into the element at the center of the relay, creating mass reducing fields, which was then captured and contained by the gyroscopes in a small area. Then, the emitters came into play focusing the fields into a small point and then sending it along the 2 'forks'. The forks shaped the field and applied direction to it, forming a tunnel of energy where there was little mass. After that, even more energy was sent to the core element, bolstering the fields, and removing mass inside the field entirely. Following that, its 'partner' relay would intercept the tunnel, creating an exit point where anything passing through exit safely.

In truth, the sciences involved were not that advanced, and the only reason the entire thing worked was because of the element in the core.

He really needed to find a name for that element, calling it 'element' all the time was not exactly specific.

Had the entire thing worked without the use of some special element that manipulated mass, he would have been significantly more impressed. He would have also been more impressed if the element was artificial, but as far as he could tell, it wasn't. Everything that his own species used had been created by them, including the Slipstream Core from which Slipstream Flakes were chipped off.

On that note, he did manage to figure out where the element came from.

He went through many tests, and had sent hundreds of scout ships to the various solar systems in every direction. One of the ships, which had been sent to a star that had went supernova a few hundred years ago, came back with positive results for the element.

He noted, from the probes readings, that the planetoids closest to the star had the largest amount of the element, relative to their size. The probes readings also indicated that the area around the deposits of the element had only been moved a few hundred years ago.

This gave him an idea. Since the planets closest to the star had the most of the element, and it seemed to only appear in solar systems that had, at one point or another, gone supernova, did that mean that the stars going supernova ended with the creation of this element?

To test the theory, he directed the probes to systems that showed signs of having gone supernova.

Considering just how many stars there were in this galaxy, and the fact that one went supernova every 100-40 years or so, there were a

lot of places that he could send probes too, however, there were only so few that were relatively close enough for him to get the results quickly.

'Quickly' as in, a day or 2.

As it turned out, he hunch had been correct, the systems did prove to have an incredible amounts of the element.

Did that mean that this element was created when the matter inside of a star system was exposed to the energy released from a supernova?

There were only a few ways to test if that was true.

One of which was to go to a system with a star about to go supernova, and then monitor the system from a safe distance. That could take years however, as he would first have to find a star that was going to go supernova, then monitor it until it exploded.

Or, he could just make a miniature star then set it off.

Far less time and effort.

Probably prove more interesting too.

No reason not to do it, he had more than enough resources.

((H,ME)))

It had only taken a few minutes, to build a miniature star.

'Miniature', as in a 50 centimeters across.

Why would he waste resources building a larger, completely unnecessary star?

To observe the effects without danger to himself, he was going to contain it within a slipspace field.

It did not have that much mass, and the explosion wouldn't be very grand, but it would still damage the station if it exploded.

It was, after all, a star.

A miniature, but a star nonetheless.

To simulate a solar system, he created some miniature planets, about 10 centimeters across.

The only reason they hung in a single piece was because of the modified gravity inside the slipspace field.

Oh well, it wasn't like they were going to stay together for long.

Anyway, it was time to detonate the star.

He wasn't going to be looking at it when it exploded.

That would be stupid.

Stars were known to outshine entire galaxies when they went supernova. It was most certainly not a good idea to be staring straight at it when it exploded.

He pressed a button on the solid-light panel in front of him, then waited as the glass in front of him instantly dimmed to black.

A few seconds later he saw a small light source behind the glass. The star had become very, very, bright.

The light didn't dim.

It wouldn't dim for a while yet.

However, he wasn't that patient.

He reached out to the panel again, a gesture not truly needed, as his suit connected him to the station itself, and pressed another button.

Instantly, the light source vanished.

No surprise there, he had just reverse time-locked the entire area, aging everything inside by thousands of years in a second. He could have aged it billions, but that was unnecessary.

He wasn't dealing with nigh immortal precursors that simply refused to die.

He was dealing with an exploding star.

Big difference.

He sent a sentinel inside the room to collect the matter.

It returned, carrying everything that had been inside the room, it turned away and headed off to the labs.

((H,ME)))

His theory had been proven correct.

The element was created when normal matter was exposed to the energies of a supernova.

Interesting.

That had not happened in his own galaxy.

Something was different here, something that changed the nature of the galaxy itself.

Perhaps the clue laid with the element itself?

So, he studied it, perusing ideas and theories whenever they came to him.

So very few lead to anywhere, and only a few were useful to him at all.

That changed nothing.

He had all the time in the universe to study to his hearts content.

In the end, he ended up studying it for 527 years, right up until a wild theory crossed his mind.

The elements very nature influenced and created dark energy, but why could it do that?

He turned his attention away from the element, and towards the universe.

And he found what he was looking for.

Dark energy had influenced the slipstream.

In normal space, there was about as much dark energy as in any other point of real space.

In the slipstream however, there was an interesting phenomena, and nothing but the most finely tuned sensors could detect anything different about it.

The interaction between the slipstream and dark energy had created a 'pocket', so to speak.

This 'pocket' existed at the center of the galaxy, inside the black hole at the galactic core, the only place where such a pocket could be permanently stabilized without any assistance of technology.

Inside the pocket laid enough dark energy to almost utterly cover the entire galaxy.

Since the black hole existed in normal space, and the pocket existed in the slipstream, there was an odd effect on the dark energy contained within the pocket. It did not have the same effect on normal matter as dark energy inside real space, which was probably the only reason the entire galaxy still did normal things, and not things that would normally be associated with incredible amounts of dark energy.

The black hole also had an interesting effect on the pocket itself. That is, everything inside the pocket was getting flung out, not into normal space, but into the slipstream.

When he had noticed that, he had wondered why the energy hadn't yet exhausted itself entirely.

So, he sent probes to the edge of the galaxy, noting that the dark energy inside the slipstream vanished there.

He spent a few days studying the slipstream at the edge of the galaxy, and found why the dark energy had not yet escaped.

At the very edges of the galaxy, past every star, there existed a very unique phenomenon in the slipstream.

A line.

Not a typical line.

This line existed directly where the dark energy would have transited into normal space had there been nothing holding it in the slipstream.

Instead of exiting normally, the line captured the dark energy, and flung it back to the pocket.

As it turned out, the line existed on the edge of gravitational field that was generated by the entire galaxy.

Truly an interesting phenomenon.

This was why the element was generated when the energy from the supernova collided with normal matter.

Whenever a star went supernova, the amount of energy released around it disrupted even the slipstream temporarily, releasing (relatively) small quantities of dark energy from the slipstream.

That energy was then caught on the star's supernova, and combined with the energy of the star itself, altered the matter it touched, changing it into an element that converted normal energy into dark energy.

On top of that, during its formation, it transformed a tiny amount of the energy that was a part of the supernova into dark energy, which was then transferred into the slipstream because of the slipstream disruption caused by that very supernova.

If he didn't know any better, he would say that somebody had created this entire process on purpose.

He froze at that thought.

It was not beyond the capabilities of the Precursors to create something like this.

The Precursors were fully capable of traveling between galaxies with ease.

They were fully capable of forming this entire process, in fact, it would be easy for them to do so.

Had somebody actually created this process on purpose? And if so, why?

He stopped.

Now was not the time to be thinking about 'what ifs'.

If somebody had created this process, he would have to find out why. Later.

Right now, he more important things to worry about.

He paused.

He didn't actually have that many things to worry about.

That wasn't a feeling that he was used to.

Ever since he had first become the Didact, and quite a while before that, he always had something to worry about, whether it was the flood, or simply trying to stay alive.

But now? What was there to worry about now, besides all the science work had been doing?

Very, very little.

He was alone.

The last of his species.

In a different galaxy entirely.

Why was it, that he had survived, when all else died?

The only things he had to keep him company were the Ancillae, and the Huragok.

There was nobody else here.

No other species. (None that he had encountered anyway.)

Nothing.

Perhaps, it was time to do something new.

He had entirety of the knowledge possessed by his species at his beck and call.

Perhaps, he should test the knowledge squired from past life workers, and create a species on one of the shield worlds he had built.

As good a plan as any.

But did he truly want to?

((H,ME)))

I'm not making any species.

3. Chapter 3

Yo it's Destroyer of Life. I decided to pick up drich147's story 'To be the last'. It's one of the best Halo/Mass Effect crossovers I've ever read.

Disclaimer: I do not own Halo or Mass Effect, they are owned by 343

Industries/Microsoft and BioWare/EA respectively.

(H, ME)

It was a feeling he hadn't known for quite some time. He was bored. He, Bornstellar Makes Eternal Lasting, the last of the Forerunner, was bored. It had been 102,000 years since he had been sent to this galaxy by the slip stream anomaly. He had 100 solar systems under his command, and he had nothing to do.

Well, he could make a species to inhabit one of the many artificial worlds he had built in his time in this galaxy, but he didn't really want to do that. So here he was-he paused and looked at the sensor.

'Something, a lot of something, is coming through the transport relay', he thought. Suddenly, 50,000 ships of all sizes, however only a few over a kilometer, came out of the relay. 'I wonder who they are', he thought. He then decided to merely observe what they do.

(H, ME)

"Captain, there are strange readings coming from this system. It's as if someone already inhabits this place.", the second in command said. The captain looked at him.

"Strange readings? Explain", the Captain said, befuddled. How could there be inhabitants here? They had come here to see if there was any eezo, or element zero, they could mine. He could tell there was no space faring race-

"Keela... look at that thing on the moon", said the navigation's officer, shaking the captain from his thoughts. The captain, curious to see what she was talking about, turned to look out the window. If he hadn't been wearing his environment suit, his jaw would be on the lowest level of his ship. Because there, sitting on the moon, was a massive installation, easily 15 kilometers from one tip of the curved spire-like thing to the one across from it. It was easily that tall as well. It was the biggest design seed the forerunner had to make ships, usually the dreadnoughts or life worker ships, not that they knew that.

'What is that thing', was the prevailing thought throughout the entire fleet. It was then Bornstellar decided to initiate first contact.

(H, ME)

He ordered his ship, the very one he came to this galaxy on, to decloak. He then broadcast a message in binary code to them, because he wasn't sure if they could understand his complex language.

'What is your purpose in my system?'

He then sent it and awaited a reply.

(H, ME)

"Sir! A ship just came into view from no where! Orders? Wait, it sent

a message in binary code. Do you want me to translate it?", said the comms officer aboard the fleets flagship. The Admiral nodded.

"It says, 'What is your purpose in my system?' Orders, sir?", he said, looking up at the Admiralty Board, the supreme leaders of the Flotilla.

"Send back, 'We wish to know who owns this system. And if we have permission to mine it for resources.'" said Admiral Zaal'Koris vas Qwib Qwib, leader of the civilian fleet. The comms officer nodded and sent it. He waited a minute for a reply.

"It says, 'Do you have a holographic projector so we can do this face to face?' They totally ignored our question." he said, confused.

"Send back, 'Yes, we do'. And get the projector ready.", he turned to the other five admirals, "Let us see what they want", and he started walking to the communication room.

(H, ME)

He was excited. No, excited doesn't cover what he was feeling. Almost 28,000 years and he finally made contact with another civilization. He motioned to the computer to get the holographic projector up, which was unneeded as he can think and it'll do. He then sent the signal to what he believed their flagship. He was sure he was right. As it looked the most menacing and well protected. Aside from the 3 big ships in the very middle.

(H, ME)

The five admirals were in awe of the being in front of them. He stood an impressive 3 meters tall and was thin, but not overly. But what made them think was his armor. It was sleek and shiny. It didn't have very many rough edges. It was...elegant, yet also exuded a sense of power and being, even through the hologram. He started talking in his language. They had no idea what he said, as it wasn't programmed into their translators. Which wasn't a surprise. They had never seen a species like this. He looked like tall, male, Asari with advanced armor. And he was in the middle of galactic nowhere with technology the Citadel Council would give both arms for. Complete cloaking? What looked like a giant factory on the moon which appeared as if it could create their ships with ease? Yea, they aren't telling the council about this.

(H, ME)

He was hit with a burst of pride when he saw them looking at him. He could tell, even though they were wearing what looked like environment suits, that they were awed. However, he was a bit upset they couldn't understand him, or he them. So he ordered his AI to hack into their ship without getting caught and make a translator based on what he found. In a few seconds the AI was done. So he applied the translator to his mouth piece and spoke.

(H, ME)

"Who are you all?" The admirals jumped. They weren't expecting him to know their language. What they didn't know was that Unbidden Glory,

Bornstellar's AI, had hacked them and made a translator. Good thing too, for if they had, they probably would have died from cardiac arrest.

The Civilian Fleet Admiral cleared his throat and spoke, "We are the Quarrians, and this is our Migrant Fleet. Who are your people?"

"I? I am Bornstellar Makes Eternal Lasting. Last of the Forerunner. The Didact.", he spoke with great pride, and...sorrow, when he said last of the Forerunner, "Migrant Fleet? You mean you have no home planet?"

The Admirals, as well as every other Quarrian, could detect no lie when he said who he was. But their moods turned sour when he asked about the fleet and their home planet.

"No, we were exiled by the Geth 238 years ago. The Geth were mobile AI platforms that had become semi-sentient, that we built. Once we tried to destroy them, they fought back and exiled us, and since then we have been migrating throughout the galaxy, trying not to die out.", spat out the admiral, angrily.

"They were sentient, and you tried to kill them. It's no wonder they fought back. Wouldn't you fight back, if I were to attack you? It's the same principle. Sentient beings fight back if attacked.", said the Didact, confused as to why they attacked the Geth, "Explain to me everything, and I will think of helping, if I deem you worthy, children."

And so they did. They explained everything, from the Geth, to being banished by the Council, to floating around the galaxy, and their plight of resources.

(H, ME)

He sat there, mulling over whether or not to help them. On one hand, they were at fault for building the Geth in the first place, and trying to kill them once they began asking whether or not they were alive. But on the other hand, the Council of Three banishing them for a mistake, and not letting them have a planet to occupy after a while, was cruel. He shook his head. Each ship was very much over populated. Ships that would usually have 80-120 persons had over 600 or 700. And then their need for food, and Element Zero. Element Zero is what they called that strange element. He didn't know why, nor did he really care.

"Glory, what do you believe I should do?", he asked his only companion. The AI looked at him, he could tell confusedly. "Don't give me that look. What do you honestly believe I should do?"

"Sir, I would help them. It isn't their fault, well it is but you know what I mean. They reacted like every organic would. They tried to shut the Geth down before they achieved full sentience, however, they were a little late I doing so, because the Geth were already almost there.", said the AI. The Didact nodded, having come to that conclusion also.

"How do you propose we help them? Oh wait, they're sending a message. 'We told you our plight, please return the favor.' I guess it's only fair. Glory, come with me, but stay out of sight until I tell you.",

he said, going to the projector.

He sat down in his chair, looked at them, and began to explain everything.

(H, ME)

Every Quarrian in the Flotilla sat there, stunned into silence, at what he said. He had explained everything. From the Human-Flood War, the Human-Forerunner War, and the Forerunner-Flood War, to the firing of the array, to him getting into this galaxy, and what he had been doing. He told them everything. Every little detail. He even showed them Unbidden Glory, and they freaked out at the little monitor. Exclaiming that it should be destroyed before it destroyed everything. It took him almost 15 minutes to calm them down enough to let him explain how Glory will not turn on his creator, because he can't. And doesn't want to.

The admirals were looking at him. Did he expect them to believe that? That his race devolved another to the stone age? That they built 7 stations 10,000 kilometers in diameter, which was capable of wiping out all life in the galaxy with one simultaneous firing? That they built a space station, that built the installations, 262,144 light years from the galactic center? That they fought an all consuming parasite that forced them to build the Array? Well, that would actually explain how he was the last one. And it would explain how he got here, seeing as how he said the firing screwed up slip space temporarily. Whatever slip space was.

"I can offer proof. Battle footage from the war. It's...hellish.", the Didact said. When he saw them nod, he asked, "Do you want me to display it fleet wide, or just to you 5, because I broadcasted our conversation fleet wide."

"Fleet wide. That way we needn't explain it to everyone." Said the admirals at the same time. They saw him not and press buttons on the hard light panel, then he disappeared and in his place, came a scene.

(H, ME)

Commander POV

"_Commander, what are your or-" started the second in command, before a barrage from the infected Forerunner came and ended his life. The Commander turned to the squad and yelled, "Retreat! Everyone retreat! We cannot hold this position, we must fall back!"_

They saw the group break out into a sprint, and a white light filled the screen, before they heard a loud boom and the commander was sent flying from the explosion, crashing into a building and flying through it. They heard him groan in pain as his shield meter on his HUD flashed red, signifying it was empty.

"_What was that?", he said to himself. He turned his head and saw a flood tank form smashing through forerunner, leaving them on the ground with no shields, a prime target to the infection forms. He heard the soul wrenching screams of them as they were infected and assimilated into the ever growing army of flood. He grabbed his weapon and starting shooting the tank form, it fell dead in front of

his feet, he placed an explosive charge on it's head for good measure, and slipspaced away and detonated it, destroying the entire area. He sighed and turned around. He never saw the tank form smash him into the wall sideways. The screen was filled with blood, and all they heard was his screams._

(H, ME)

The admirals were just staring at the screen in disbelief. It looked too real to be fake. You can't fake those screams. Those screams would haunt the Flotilla for years to come.

"That's why I asked if you wanted me to broadcast it fleet wide. It's very disturbing. That was a common site during the war. We could have won, but what we didn't know is that the Humans were fighting us and the flood at the same time. Had we not attacked the humans, the flood would have lost, because the humans developed a cure. They destroyed the cure in a final act of revenge against us." Bornstellar explained sadly. The admirals were looking at him, sadness in their eyes. Granted he couldn't tell because of the environment suits, but he could tell they were sad from body language. Bornstellar sighed and looked at them, having made up his mind about helping them, "What do you need for your Flotilla? More ships? Supplies? Element Zero? Raw materials? I could probably make your people a planet if need be."

The Admirals eyes widened. "You can make us a _planet_", they asked, disbelief in their voices. Bornstellar looked at them.

"I can make you all a star system. It wouldn't be all that hard.", he said sincerely, "The 2 big planets here are artificial ones I made. I can also make eezo."

(H, ME)

Well that's the end of the first chapter I wrote, tell me if it was good or not. Hold nothing back.

4. Chapter 4

This is the next installation in To Be the Last.

I can honestly say I am surprised. I thought no one would read it and those that did would hate it. Over 30 reviews. Wow.

Disclaimer: Read the first-third chapters.

(H, ME)

"Create a _star system_? How could you even begin to approach such a thing? And eezo? You can make eezo? That's supposed to be impossible. As is creating planets and entire solar systems." the admiral said (when I say admiral I mean Admiral Zaal'Koris vas Qwib Qwib) in disbelief. Bornstellar just chuckled. The board looked affronted, who was he to laugh at them for speaking the truth?

Bornstellar then started speaking, "Do you know what that is on the moon?", he asked. They all shook their heads. He just chuckled again. "Tell everyone to look at it." Without waiting for conformation, he

started pressing buttons on the hard light panel. The board then sent out the request that everyone look at the giant contraption.

"Here goes", was all they heard before the machine started doing something. They stared at it, their disbelief growing at every passing minute. Finally, after about 10 minutes, it stopped. And there sat a Forerunner Keyship, 11 km long, a quarter that of the Citadel. Every Quarian just sat there, staring at it, before one person summed up the collective thought quite nicely.

"What the FUCK!" And then chaos ensued, every Quarian talking, yelling, except the Admirals, who were still staring. Finally, the Civilian Fleet admiral turned to Bornstellar, who looked quite smug, even in his armor.

"How did you do that?", he asked, "How the HELL did you do that? It takes months to build a ship a kilometer long, and you just built one that was 11 kilometers long, a quarter that of the Citadel, in 10 minutes. How did you do that?" Bornstellar was amused, if the laughter was any indication. He shook his head.

"Ah, that is what we call a design seed. That specific one is used to build our military flag ships, and the really big life worker ones. It's not used that often, actually, because they require a great deal of resources to build. Granted, here I have no shortage of them.", he explained, "And no, I will not give any of my technology away. I will not be swayed otherwise. So do not try. But, in all seriousness, you can all move onto one of these planets, I do not mind. It's better than them just sitting there, doing nothing but looking pretty in the bleakness of space."

The board looked put down that he wouldn't share any technology, but they immediately became ecstatic when he said they could move onto one of the planets. However, there was one slight problem.

"We cannot, our immune systems are incredibly weak. The smallest pathogen and we become very sick.", said the admiral. The others just nodded, downtrodden. Bornstellar just gave them a look.

"I can build planets, stars, and ships in a quick amount of time, you do not believe I can bolster your immune systems? Such things are trivial, children." he said, "If I can get a DNA sample I can quickly formulate an agent that will bring your immune systems up to par." At this, all Quarrians looked giddy. However, there were some who were suspicious.

"Why are you doing this? What do YOU get from helping us? We just met, literally, not 2 hours ago, and yet you are offering to solve all our problems. Why?" asked the Patrol Fleet admiral. Bornstellar just nodded, as if expecting this.

"I am helping you, because you need it. I do not believe in punishing the children for their parents mistakes.", he explained quietly, "And all I get is the satisfaction that I'm helping those who need it, and that the planet will have occupants, other than those creatures already there providing an ecosystem."

The board just nodded slowly at that. They could not sense any deception from him. "But be warned, if you go off and make war with the other species of this galaxy, I will not help you. I do not wish

to fight a war that is not mine. Understood?", he asked. The Board just nodded. Why the hell would they go and make war with anyone? They have a planet, they're happy.

"We agree, how are you going to get the DNA?" the C.F. Admiral asked. Bornstellar just pressed a button, and a sentinel flew to the hangar of one of the ships.

"Place you're DNA sample in the front slot. He will process it and send the results to the main computer, which will then scan and analyze it and make an airborne immune booster. Just like that.", he said, and motioned for them to do so. The Admirals nodded, and an officer placed the DNA sample in it, and then the wait began.

(H, ME)

1 year, 3 months later

Citadel

"We have not had contact with the Quarian Flotilla in over a year. Something's up.", was the first thing said that meeting. The one who said it was female, obviously, and had blue skin with tentacle like things on top of her head. She was the Asari councillor, Tevos. The other two just nodded.

"I recommend we send out a small fleet to that one relay that's activated near the edge of the galaxy. They probably went there in search of resources.", said the Turian councillor, Tychus.

"Hmm, yes. This is a logical conclusion. But who to send? Salarian STG's? Asari Commandos? Turian Special Forces? So many people to choose from." spoke the Salarian councillor, Relant.

"Why not just get whatever fleet is already patrolling near there to go? It'd be so much simpler", said Tevos. Relant just nodded quickly, Spartamus just shrugged, he really didn't really care.

"Very well, I'll order them to go to that system", Spartamus spoke, before dismissing himself to do so.

(H, ME)

-Didacts system-

"Glory, how is work on that shield world coming along?" Didact asked from his chair. Glory turned to him.

"It is going well, the star has been made, now the last half of the enclosure is being built.", was his reply. Didact nodded, and turned back. It was at this time, however, that the relay activated.

"No Quarrians are currently leaving or returning, so it must be a citadel race.", he deduced. He then turned to Glory. "Send 3 Keyships to the relay, make sure they don't shoot the shield world if they are militaristic." Glory made an acknowledgment motion and did just that.

(H, ME)

-On the patrol fleets leading ship, Out of Darkness-

"Sir! There are 3 ships, each 11 kilometers long, blocking the path!", shouted the navigation's officer hysterically. The captain's jaw dropped at that. 11 kilometers. That's 1/4th the size of the citadel. And this race had 3. This definitely wasn't the Quarrians. "And there are no traces of eezo in any of them!" That sent his brain to a screeching halt. No eezo? Space flight was founded on eezo, without it you couldn't fly, because the ship had too much mass.

"There's a message incoming. Do you want me to play it?", asked the comms officer. The captain nodded.

A hologram came from the projector, and there sat Didact. "Why have you come to my system?", was all he asked.

"We were searching for the Quarrians, perhaps you know of their whereabouts?", asked the captain. At this the Didact nodded. He told them to follow the keyships. They complied.

As they were going, they were all looking at one thing. The half completed shield world.

"What is that?", one of them asked. The Didact looked at him a second before answering.

"That? That is a half completed shield world. It is going to be used to store the unneeded sentinels, ships, and resources I have. It has the diameter of a planet, about 11,000 kilometers. This is the smaller version. The bigger one is, well, really big. About 300 million kilometers. This one is habitable on both the inside and out. There is a miniature star on the inside, to provide heat. It is one of the greatest achievements of the Forerunner.", he spoke with great pride. He then looked at them, "What is your business with the Quarrians?"

The entire crew ignored him, instead staring in fear at the shield world. If this race can create planets and stars. And ships 11 kilometers long, with what looked like extraordinarily powerful weapons, did they actually want to antagonize him in any way? They were going to see where the Quarrians were, then get ships to mine the asteroids if there was any, but now that plan is out the window. Finally the captain turned to the Didact, fear evident on his face, "The council wanted to know the whereabouts of the Quarrians. We haven't made contact with them in over a year, and that is very strange. So we were sent here, because the relay here is in a very weird area, on the edge of the galaxy and none leading from it."

The Didact nodded, accepting his answer. He then turned to the side, "Glory, get me a line with Admiral Zaal'Koris vas Qwib Qwib." The monitor made a movement of acknowledgment, and did so. However, it was then the captain realized something.

"YOU HAVE AN AI!", he yelled/asked. And all the others in the room started to look at him in anger. How dare he use AI's. For one, it's against citadel law. Secondly, does he not know the danger of them? It was because of AI's the Quarrians lost their home world. Did he hide the fact he had AI's from the Quarian Admiralty Board? The Didact looked at them, and they could tell he was looking at them in

contempt.

"Yes, I have an AI. Glory is among the most advanced Forerunner AI ever created. He controls the sentinels, the ships, and most of the stuff here and in all other 99 solar systems under my command. Without him my little empire here, would be far more annoying to keep track of. And yes, the Quarrians know of him.", he then starts talking to the admiral, "Yes, hello admiral, there is a fleet of small ships here, they said they were looking for your people, because they have had no contact with you all in over a year. There is a ship about 680 meters long that looks to be the head ship. Yes, the captain is Turian. The name? It is the Out of Darkness. So it's patrol fleet 485? I fail to see how that is relevant. Yes, I will patch your signal to them." He then presses a button on the panel.

"Hello captain. May I be of assistance?" the admiral asks. The captain looked shaken at what the Didact said. He looked at the admiral and started making random hand gestures. The crew just stared at him, some in confusion, some were starting to laugh, until they remembered why he was surprised. Then they themselves started to do so, because they could not comprehend what the Didact could do. The admiral then sighed and sent a file to the ship explaining in very little detail how they came to be here.

After everybody was settled down, the captain started to ask a question, only for the Didact to cut him off. "No, I will not give any of my technology to anyone. I didn't even give any to the Quarrians. I only helped them because they needed it. I do not believe in punishing the children for their parents mistakes." The captain looked downtrodden for a second, before he had an idea.

"We would like you to accompany us to the citadel to meet with the council.", said the captain. He would usually order the people, but he wasn't going to antagonize this alien. Not with those three ships floating menacingly in the background. Oh no, he wasn't stupid. The Didact asked where the citadel was located. The navigation's officer showed him on a map. The Didact nodded and said, "I shall meet you there." It was then four black portals opened up, and the ship Didact was on, the one he came to the galaxy on, and the three keyships went in them, and disappeared.

"Where'd he go?", the captain asked, dumbfounded. The Quarrians just motioned for them to go. The captain sighed and issued the order throughout the patrol fleet.

(H, ME)

That's it for this chapter. Til next time.

All of my lovely reviewers, most of your questions/requests will come to fruition (or not) next chapter.

5. Chapter 5

Here is chapter 5. Have fun reading.

(H, ME)

Meanwhile, Didact left Glory with an assignment. Make first contact

with the Geth. In theory, it was a good idea. But he wasn't so sure it was in actual action. But, oh well, it was an order. And he was duty bound to do so.

So, he sent a keyship to the colony, Ronnoch, the Quarians former home world, with him on it. He just hoped the Geth didn't attack it, he would be forced to destroy them if they did.

(H, ME)

The Geth were smart. They had weapons that many of the citadel races didn't have, because they couldn't afford them. But the Geth, they were not limited by money and worker endurance. They were only limited by the amount of resources they could mine in a given time. Their armada was one of the fiercest in the galaxy, capable of going toe to toe with any citadel race. Now, they weren't looking to go out and pick a fight, they had been in the Persious Veil since they exiled their creators, but they were always ready in case their creators got the citadel to help them take Ronnoch back, however slim that chance is.

So as a precaution, they always had an energy detector active and monitored. So the moment there is a spike, they know. And they knew something was wrong the moment they detected an incredible amount of energy 15 million kilometers from Ronnoch.

They immediately turned on external cameras towards the reading, seeing as how they believed windows structural weaknesses. And none of the Geth programs could believe what they saw. A massive warship, 11 kilometers long. They immediately began to gather the armada for a defense, until a binary code message came.

'I come with no intentions to harm the inhabitants of this system.' They then received a signal for the holographic projector. The majority of the platforms agreed to accept the signal. When they did so, they received the image of a floating little ball thing, with a blue 'eye' with a glyph in the middle of it. They all assumed one thing, "An AI?"

The little ball thing seemed amused, "Yes, I am an AI, my name is Unbidden Glory. Am I correct in assuming you are the Geth?" The bigger one nodded its photoreceptor. The newly named Unbidden Glory made a motion of acknowledgment. "Good, I come because my creator, Didact, wished to make first contact with you all in a diplomatic environment, and not on the the battlefield."

"Why would you voluntarily make first contact with us? Most peoples of this galaxy fear and hate us, because of our powerful weapons.", the bigger Geth spoke. Glory really looked amused now.

"Shoot this ship with your strongest weapon. Don't talk, just shoot it." The Geth all started debating. After 17 seconds, they came to a conclusion. They would shoot it with their most powerful ship to ship weapon.

A Geth dreadnaught turned to the ship that was almost 6 times its size, and an ultraviolet anti-ship laser arced out and made full contact with the other ships shields. The Forerunner ships shield flared brightly, then dimmed down.

"That took the shields down .8 percent. That was, well, very weak." Glory spoke in a neutral tone, though it was obvious he was trying not to sound condescending. The Geth were stunned. Every program was in consensus, this race was not to, under any circumstances, to be antagonized. It's shields just took a full powered anti-ship/shield laser without losing a single shield percentage. The AI then spoke again, "I allowed you to demonstrate your most powerful weapon, allow me to return the favor."

Before they could say no, the tip of the Forerunner ship began to coalesce power, before shooting a beam of what looked light, at the same ship that shot it. But instead of it's shields shrugging off the attack, the shields flared brightly for a fraction of a second before disappearing. The beam continued unhindered through the dreadnaught and the small asteroid behind it, before disappearing.

The Geth were amazed. This ship just shot a single time and destroyed their most powerful dreadnaught and a moon with a single shot. "That was only 70 percent of total power."

When Glory said that, the Geth programs all made a decision, send every ship to capture that one. It didn't matter if they lost all but 3 ships, if they got their hands on that technology, that according to the sensors used no eezo, they could easily expand out of the Persious Veil without help from the Old Machines.

"We will get your technology.", was the words that came from the big Geth. It didn't matter if just a few minutes ago they decided not to antagonize this race, they needed that technology.

However, this seemed to anger Glory. "You stupid imbeciles! Do you not realize you just signed your death warrant? You cannot defeat me, this ship, or anything of my creators! We are in a whole other level! This ships reactor is only at 35 percent! At 100 a full powered beam will destroy your planet, and the shields could survive smashing into the planet at 15 kilometers a second! Please, be logical. I do not wish to destroy fellow AI, but I will. And I advise you to stop attempting to hack my programming, it is futile to try."

The Geth, however, ignored Glory. They sent all their dreadnaughts at him, and all of them launched disruptor torpedoes, however none made contact, as they were all destroyed by the point defense turrets. They then launched a full powered volley of ship-to-ship lasers and mass accelerator rounds. After the volley, the ship was still there, with the shields flared bright yellow. It then turned, and powered the beam weapon to max, and fired.

65 dreadnaughts were destroyed in less time it takes an Asari to blink. All the Geth programs now realized he wasn't bluffing. He could easily destroy them. So they did what any sane sentient being would do, they sent a surrender message. And hoped he would accept.

In binary code, Glory responded, 'I accept your surrender, and urge you to think about attacking someone before you do. For they may not be as forgiving as I. Good bye.' After it was sent, he opened a portal and left.

The Geth were now preparing to begin mining the moon pieces. And they all vowed to never attack a ship 11 kilometers log. Because any race

capable of building a ship that size, is bound to have it's weapons and shields capable of defending it. They didn't even think the Old Machines could do anything to them.

(H, ME)

Glory arrived back in Didacts main system after about an hour. In that time, he made first contact with the Geth and showed them they could do nothing against him, however they didn't know the shields dropped to 3 percent, and that was with the reactor at 105 percent. Those mass accelerators they used were decently powered. Though they would do nothing against a Fortress class ship. Now, he was going to the citadel with Didact, though Didact is there already. So he opened up a portal, and entered it.

(H, ME)

-An hour ago, when Didact arrived-

"Sir, massive energy reading coming from near the citadel. Hold on...4 ships just came out of 4 portals! One is 1 kilometer long, and the other three are estimated at 11 kilometers!" yelled the Turian who was reading the energy output monitors. The councilor Spartamus, who was there checking up on things, froze.

"11 kilometers? Destiny Ascension is only two and its cost almost broke the Asari! The amount of eezo required to run a ship that size would be phenomenal!" He yelled, however the look on the Turians face scared her.

"Sir, there are no eezo readings at all." When he said that, every person in there froze. No eezo? That is the only plausible way to move a ship that size. 11 kilometers? That's a quarter that of the citadel. Everyone froze again. A ship a quarter the length of the citadel. How the hell would you even go about creating a ship that size? The man power and resources needed would be colossal. Not to mention the amount of time it would. When the Asari made Destiny Ascension it took them over 2 years to build it. That's using biotics and thousands of Asari.

"Are you positive there are no eezo readings?" he asked. The man nodded his head. Spartamus looked shaken. "Send a message asking who they are and what they want. Failure to respond will result in the full Citadel Defense Fleet opening fire." he ordered. The communications officer nodded and sent the message in every language.

After a minute, the communication officer said, "The person said his name is Bornstellar Makes Eternal Lasting. But we can call him Didact. He said he came because patrol fleet 435 asked him to come. The patrol fleet just came through the relay. They said whatever we do, do not piss him off." The councilor looked at him in confusion, telling them not to piss him off? Sure, he had big ships, but most of the power was probably devoted to actually moving the big ass things. And that portal thing he came out of. "He just said he will wait until his friend arrives. He doesn't know when he will." spoke the communications officer again. Spartamus nodded.

(H, ME)

-Present time-

After an hour, another portal appeared, and another 11 kilometer ship came through it. Spartamus shook his head. He had no idea what they were trying to prove with such big ships. Then, a broadcast came from the newly arrived ship.

"Didact, first contact with the Geth has been accomplished." Spoke a mechanized sounding voice. Spartamus froze, then figured it sounded like that because it was through speakers.

"Nicely done Glory. How did it go?", came the response from Didact. Tevos froze up when he said Glory. That sounded like an AI name. But before she could say anything, Glory spoke again.

Glory then reiterated the tale.

"Well, it could have gone better. Like you not antagonizing them like that. But I suppose it was the most effective way to get the point across." Didact said, exasperated. Spartamus then got his voice.

"Is this 'Glory' and AI?", he asked. She heard Didact give a hum of acknowledgment. He then gasped. "AI's are illegal in citadel space! We order you to shut him down this instant!" He said angrily. She then heard Didact and Glory laugh.

"You cannot order me to do anything. You can try, but I guarantee you it will turn out very badly for you children. Besides, why would I? Glory is my only companion." Didact said condescendingly. This, however, angered Spartamus.

"You are in Citadel space! You are under our authority! And who are you to call us children?! The Asari can live up to one thousand years. We can live up to 200! Both we, the Asari, and Salarians have ruled Citadel Space for three thousand years!" Spartamus said vehemently.

Didact chuckled, "I have been in this galaxy for 102,000 years. And before that, my race was the biggest and most powerful in the neighboring galaxy. The only reason we were defeated was because of the Flood, a parasitic race that feeds on intelligent life."

They all froze immediately. 102,000 years? He was here when the Protheans were alive. He was older than any citadel race. He could probably decimate the entire CDF with the ships he had here. And another galaxy? They were the biggest and most powerful? They were defeated? They called bullshit.

"Bullshit." was all Spartamus said. Didact chuckled.

"May I meet the full council in the council room?" he asked. The Turian councilor accepted. "Good. Tell me where to dock the ship I'm on."

"You may dock in bay 47d." Said the docking master. Didact's 1 kilometer ship started to it, and connected to it. Then a small portal appeared in the hangar, and Glory appeared from it. He moved to Didact who was walking to the door, and floated in time with him.

When the door opened, there was 10 C-Sec officers, and they all visibly gaped at him. Who could blame them? Here was a 13 feet tall being wearing very imposing armor. Though there were no visible weapons, they believed he had some.

"We need all your weapons. Protocol." Spoke the head of C-Sec, a Turian named Tyrius. Didact stared at him.

"I have no weapons on me." he spoke. "I do not need any. If any of you shot at me, the ships in orbit would open fire on the citadel. Glory and I would slip aboard them first of course." This seemed to scare them, but they didn't pester him any longer. They then motioned him to follow them to the Presidium. He fell in step with them, though to him they were walking extremely slow.

After they were walking for about 6 minutes, Didact accidentally bumped into a Krogan. Said Krogan turned and swung at him. Then, to the shock and awe of everyone, Didact caught the fist, with ease. And proceeded to wrap his giant hand around the Krogans throat, and with one arm, pick him up until he was face to face with him.

"Do not do that" he spat menacingly, and threw the Krogan across the room like a rag doll. The Krogan slammed into the wall, leaving a dent. Its two pack mates then charged at Didact in anger, and slammed into his open hands. Didact did not move a single inch, even when 2 half ton Krogans slammed into his hands at full charge. He then took a large step forward, and shoved, hard. They were sent flying like their pack mate. All motion in the vicinity stopped. They all stared in awe, and fear, at the sheer strength this being possessed. The C-Sec commander then started talking.

"W-w-well, they threw the first punch. F-f-follow me to the Presidium." He stuttered out. He was scared, if he was totally honest with himself. This being just threw around three Krogans like they were rag dolls. The Didact nodded, much to his relief, and began following him.

(H, ME)

Well, that's it for this chapter. It was a little over 2500 words.

On a different note, holy hell. 30 reviews. I did not expect it to be this popular. I thought people would hate it, glad I was proven wrong.

I edited this chapter 9-2-12.

6. Chapter 6

Sorry it has been so long, my AP class gives a lot of homework. Other than that I have no excuses.

Also, if there are any missing or doubled letters I apologize, my keys on my laptop are sticking.

Disclaimer: I do this as a hobby, and as such I have no monetary gain from my writing.

Edited 8/18/13

(H,ME)

After walking for a while, and having a little scuffle, the Didact and his escorts arrived at the Citadel Presidium, where he would meet the council. Truthfully, he was not looking forward to meeting them. For they seemed like ignorant children, unaware of the opportunities passing them by due to their reliance on Element Zero. He understood that the pre-built relays and the deposits throughout the galaxy made building your own technology seem redundant, but they were stagnant. They were not progressing. It irked him.

Glory was observing everything they were passing. From the Volus merchants to the suspicious looking people lurking around. He would keep an eye on them, just in case. However he doubted anyone with sufficient mental faculties would attack Didact, especially after his demonstration of his strength.

'Oh look, it appears some more Krogan are coming toward us.' he thought, looking to the Didact's left. He notified Didact through their channel. The only acknowledgment was Didact's slight turning of his head to the Krogans. They walked up to him, standing in a row. There were 4 of them, each over 7 feet tall. The one in the front looked at him, sizing him up.

"Why did you harm my brothers?" One asked. He had a scar running along the left side of his face, arcing over his left eye. He wore what appeared to be very heavy armor. Didact stopped walking and turned to him.

"I accidentally bumped into one when he leaned back. He took an aggressive stance. I defended myself. Simple as that." he replied, not at all bothered by the four Krogan glaring at him. Another Krogan took a step forward and clenched his fists.

"One was killed. KILLED! He was my brother, and you killed him over a misunderstanding! He had done nothing wrong!" he said in a deep, baritone, gravelly voice. Didact turned to fully face them.

"I apologize for his death. I assume his neck was snapped, causing bone fragments to go into the nerves?" he replied, looking genuinely sorry. He hadn't meant to kill them, only to show them the error of their ways. Three nodded. One, who was behind another, pulled out a Claymore, and fired from point blank range.

The incredibly powerful rounds smashed into his shields, causing them to flare a brilliant gold. The Didacts C-Sec escorts looked terrified, mostly because suddenly they were on the ground, a Krogan pushing them down with their feet. It was at this point, that the Krogans realized what a bad decision they had made, for Didact wasn't dead, nor injured. He wasn't very happy either. Didact took a long stride forward and knocked a Krogan away with only a backhand, the bony ridge of the Krogan shattering to pieces from the impact. He quickly turned around, and sank down and threw his fist out, impacting the Krogan in his chest. His armor shattered, and he came to a sudden stop. He looked down, at his destroyed armor, and then coughed up blood, and fell over. Didact's shields flared gold again, and he turned around, only to see a Krogan on the floor, its body twitching erratically, with a gun lying beside it. He nodded to

Glory, who used his high powered tazer beam to quickly disable the Krogans holding the C-Sec officers down. Didact took a step forward, to the last remaining Krogan, and bent down to its size, and said softly, "That was an incredibly stupid thing to do." Nobody denied that. 15 C-Sec officers came to clean up what had just transpired.

(H, ME) Council Chambers

The councilors were sitting in their seats, looking down at the being before them.

'Hmmm, he is very tall. I wonder how a species can naturally grow to that height? Especially since he does not appear very muscular under the armor. Yet he could easily throw a Krogan, easily stop two rampaging ones in a full on charge. There is much, much more to him than meets the eye.' were the thoughts of the Salarian councilor, while eying him in a curious manner.

'His armor is very advanced. Especially the shields. They were capable of stopping a Claymore from point blank. No other personal shields can do that. And his ships, 11 kilometers? They are massive. And they have no trouble moving about. We need to learn about his secrets.' were the thoughts of the Turian councilor, while looking at him in a very interested manner.

'The last thing we need to do is antagonize him. I doubt Destiny Ascension could prove a challenge to any ship built by him. It appears he wants peace. I hope he does, because if he wants war...we will lose.' were the thoughts of the final councilor, the Asari. Whose eyes were practically begging for him to be peaceful. They motioned for him to introduce himself.

"My name is Bornstellar Makes Eternal Lasting, but you may call me Didact. I am the last of the Forerunner." he introduced himself, giving a slight bow. The councilors looked at him appraisingly.

"Where are you from, Didact?", asked Tevos. Didact's shoulders slumped slightly.

"Where am I from? I am from the galaxy 2.5 million light years away." He said. And the councilors looked at him like he said the most moronic thing they ever heard. But before the other two could say anything, Tevos spoke again.

"If you can travel between galaxies, why not go back? Don't you miss your home?" she asked, with pity in her eyes. The Didact's shoulders slumped even more.

"I did mean to come here in the first place. I was headed back to the galaxy from Installation 00, when I realized too late that the Array firing put the slip stream into chaos temporarily. When I came out, I was in this galaxy." he elaborated to them. They looked at him in confusion. He sighed. "My race was incapable of traveling between galaxies. The only race we know that could is the Precursors. I got here on a fluke." he elaborated more. That seemed to click in their heads, Spartamus, however, had a question.

"What is Installation 00 and the Array?" he asked, his curiosity

piqued.

"Ahhh, that is none of your business. I do not feel comfortable sharing it with you." Didact stated bluntly. This put the councilors off, but they nodded in understanding.

"Very well. If I may be so bold, what is the largest ship you are capable of creating?" asked Spartamus, looking half at Didact half at the ships. Didact turned his head slightly

"I see no reason not to answer. The largest ship I have had constructed measured at 97 kilometers long, 20 kilometers high, and 30 kilometers wide. But if need be I am capable of doubling that." he answered. He looked at the Asari councilor's face, and her expression of fear and awe made the Didact proud of his race. He looked at the Salarian, and found him to be mighty curious and awed. However, the Turian didn't look convinced. At all.

"I highly doubt that. 97 kilometers? The sheer amount of energy that would be needed would be as great as all the Turian dreadnaughts combined. I cannot believe you." He said in a deadpanned voice, and his fellow councilors looked at him like he was stupid.

The Didact nodded. He understood that it seemed far fetched. Extremely far fetched. However, he felt he needed to knock the high and mighty council down a peg...or 10. "You do not believe me? Hmph. I have no reason to lie. Do you wish me to prove it?" He spat. The Turian nodded his head defiantly, thinking he called his bluff. He was wrong.

"Very well. Glory, tell the design seeds to begin construction on a Fortress class ship." Didact ordered, Glory bobbed in acknowledgment.

"Estimated construction time is 38 minutes." Glory reported. The councilors stopped and stared incredulously.

"38 minutes?" they chorused together. Didact looked at them and nodded.

"Yes. One design seed alone doesn't build it. Multiple ones do, working together. One builds the front, one the second quarter, one the third, one the end, and one the reactors and shield generators. Then sentinels use different tools and combine them into one single ship." He explained. The councilors still looked dumbfounded. "Ask the patrol fleet about them." They then nodded. "Did you have any more questions?"

"Yes. What is 'slipstream'?" Relant asked quickly. Didact turned to him.

"The slipstream is what my people use for faster-than-light travel. It is 11 dimensions that exist in our plane of reality, but do not interact with it. Using a slipstream engine we transfer the ship and all things aboard into those dimensions. These dimensions have different physics than ours, and thus allow us to travel above light speed." he explained. The Salarian nodded, but it was obvious he had no idea what was said.

"And how fast is this 'slipstream'?" asked Tevos, with a befuddled

expression.

"I can travel across this galaxy in under a second." Didact responded. The councilors looked startled at this revelation. Relant looked at him with wide eyes.

"Under a second? 103,000 light years, in under a second? How can such a feat be possible?" he asked quickly.

"Hundreds of thousands of years of research makes it possible. I didn't get it that fast quickly, it took many millennium to get it that finely tuned." he answered.

They continued to pester him about slipstream, until Glory spoke. "Fortress class ship completed. Entering slipstream" He announced. A portal appeared near the Keyships, and the Fortress class super dreadnaught came out of it. "It has arrived."

The councilors jaws dropped at the magnificent ship. They thought he was bluffing, they were wrong. Oh so wrong.

The ship was colossal. It's main frontal cannon was about 400 meters across, but they didn't know what it fired, and truthfully they were fearful of the answer. Spartamus turned to Didact.

"What weapon is that?" he asked hesitantly. Didact looked at him.

"That is a mass accelerator. It fires a 10,000 ton slug at 80 percent of the speed of light. Whatever it hits, will be destroyed. Only exceptions are stars and a shield specifically made to deflect the projectile. However only I am capable of making that shield. And it can only take a single hit, a second hit will destroy the shield and whatever is behind it. I have only fired this weapon two times. Once to test its firing ability and again to test its capabilities. I shot a planet I created, the planet was destroyed instantly." he explained to them.

"W-what is its kinetic energy?" Tevos asked. Didact looked at glory to answer.

"The kinetic energy is 1,498,676.1453155 gigatons. In gigajoules it is 6,270,460,992,000,000. It is the single most powerful kinetic weapon ever created. I still do not why Didact created it." Glory explained to the councilors. He looked at Didact for an explanation.

"Why did I create it? Because it never hurts to be prepared. You never know if someone will create a ship with shields strong enough to warrant a weapon this powerful. And, I wanted something to do." He explained quickly, staring at the gaping maw that was cannon barrel. "There are no downsides to it. Unless you count the amount of material needed to make a slug that large. It's quite a bit. And the fact it takes a minute to charge.", he said. He then looked thoughtful, "Though, this is one of the many varieties of Fortress class ships. Some use hard light, some plasma, some are used as carriers, some as mobile construct and repair stations. This one uses, obviously, a magnetically accelerated slug to impart tremendous amounts of kinetic energy. It also doubles as a repair platform."

The councillors just stared at him, not comprehending how a being could talk about such technology like it's childsplay. Relant looked close to salivating at all the technology Didact has at his disposal. Tevos looked terrified. And Spartamus looked jealous and terrified at the same time, which created an amusing expression.

Didact turned to them. "I assume you now believe my claims?" he asked. The Councillors nodded quickly. Before they could say anything else, he had said a quick, 'goodbye, i will be back soon' and disappeared. His ships turned and flew away, disappearing into portals.

The councillors could only watch slack-jawed.

(H,ME)

7. Announcement

Hey guys it's Destroyer of Life. I have some news...I'm back :D

I've already edited chapter six and posted it. Go check it out. I'll start on chpter 7 revision in a bit.

End
file.